



LOST OR STOLEN from Gorrie's Wharf, on the 27th ult., a LARGE BLUE CHEST, covered with rough board, labelled "J. Walker, L Toronto." Any information will be thankfully received at the Punch Office.

PUNCH'S ADVERTISING PAGE.

TORONTO, SIMCOE AND HURON RAILROAD UNION COMPANY.

UNION OF INTERESTS.

Capital—\$2,000,000.

An extensive Canadian Railroad Union Tirage,
Founded upon the principle of the Art Unions of
England, specially authorised by an Act of the Pro-
vincial Parliament, 12th Victoria, Chapter 199, and
sanctioned by the Royal Assent of Her Majesty in
Privy Council, July 30th, 1849,

Containing \$2,000,000 in Stock,

in various allotments of

\$100,000—\$40,000—\$20,000—\$10,000—\$5,000—\$2,000
\$1,000, &c.

The proceeds to be applied to construct a Railroad
from Toronto to Lake Huron, touching at Holland
Landing and Barrie. To be Publicly Drawn at the
City Hall, Toronto, under the superintendence of
Directors specially authorised by the Act of Incor-
poration, consisting of the following Gentlemen, viz:—

F. C. CAPREOL,	CHARLES BERCZY,
Hon. H. J. ROULTON,	J. DAVID RIDOU,
JOHN HIBBERT,	GEORGE BARROW,
R. EASTON BURNS,	ALBERT FURNESS,
J. C. MORRISON, M.P.P.,	BEN. HOLMES, M.P.P.

Bankers:—Commercial Bank, M. D., Toronto, and
its various Branches in Canada.

Every number to be drawn, and each number to have
its fate decided in accordance with the plan
directed by the Act of Incorporation.

Fourteen days public notice to be given previous to
day of drawing.

F. C. CAPREOL, Manager,
Appointed by the Board of Directors.

GRAND PLAN:

2 magnificent allotments of \$100,000 in Stock.....	\$200,000
6 splendid do of 40,000 in Stock.....	240,000
10 extensive do of 20,000 in Stock.....	200,000
16 large ditto of 10,000 in Stock.....	160,000
20 allotments of 5,000 in Stock.....	100,000
50 allotments of 2,000 in Stock.....	100,000
100 allotments of 1,000 in Stock.....	100,000
250 allotments of 500 in Stock.....	125,000
500 allotments of 250 in Stock.....	125,000
2,500 allotments of 100 in Stock.....	250,000
5,000 allotments of 50 in Stock.....	250,000
7,500 allotments of 20 in Stock.....	150,000
15,000 allotments, amounting to.....	\$2,000,000
100,000 Contributions amounts to.....	\$2,000,000

Being little more than five blanks to an allotment!!

Contributions \$20 each; Halves and Quarters
in proportion.

SCRIP will be issued for allotments, within forty
days after the drawing, on payment of twelve per
cent. thereon, in compliance with the provisions of
the Act of Incorporation.

This Grand and Important Plan is particularly
deserving of attention from every class of the com-
munity in Canada and various parts of the United
States, whether directly interested in Railroads or
not. It has been projected as a great public advan-
tage, that of opening a Railway communication across
the Peninsula to the Far West, in connection with the
lines now finished from New York and Boston to
Oswego—thus rendering the Northern Route, by To-
ronto to the Western States, shorter than any other by
several hundred miles—the distance across the Penin-
sula being only about Eighty Miles, thus avoiding the
circuitous and dangerous route by Lake Erie and the
Southern shore of Lake Huron.

It is presumed that when this line of Railway is
finished, it will be the best paying Stock in North
America.

Applications for Tickets (enclosing remittances)
to be addressed, (post-paid,) to

F. C. CAPREOL,
Manager.

Union Tirage Hall,
Toronto, 1st January, 1850.

YOUNG'S HOTEL, HAMILTON

THE most convenient, comfortable, and best Hotel in
the City. Travellers can live on the English plan,
with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent
the Table d'Hôte, which is always provided with the
delicacies of the season.

Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the
Boats.

N. B.—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For
further particulars apply at his Office.

FALL GOODS FALLEN!

THAT goods manufactured expressly for a fall, should
tumble is not to be wondered at! but that they
should be up and down at the same instant of time
may appear strange! But "truth is stranger than fic-
tion," and MOSS and BROTHERS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Clothing, &c.,
180 St. Paul Street,

Assert that their Fall Goods are up in quality and
down in price. But all the ups and downs are not so
advantageous to the PUBLIC OF MONTREAL! as
the before mentioned ups and downs of MOSS.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT is gone up, and
Montreal is down (in the mouth.) Rigid economy
will soon purse up the mouth of Montreal with smiles,
and by purchasing their Winter Clothing at

MOSS'S FAR-FAMED MART,

the careful man will best practice that best of all
virtues, and repair the "RUIN and DECAY" so
piously spoken of in the GREAT ANNEXATION
MANIFESTO. A saving of 10 per cent. is granted to
all WHOLESALE and RETAIL customers of Moss
and Brothers, whose Stock is the largest ever offered
for sale in any concern in the City. In the Retail De-
partment will be found every article of Fall and Win-
ter Clothing. In the Wholesale all descriptions of
Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Furs, &c. &c.
and a complete assortment of Buttons and Trimmings.
Clothes made to order, under the superintendence
of a first-rate Cutter

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul St.

JOHN MCCOY,

Bookseller, Stationer, and Printseller,
No. 9, Great St. James Street.

FRAMING in Gold and Fancy Woods,—Books elo-
gantly bound,—Engraving in all its varieties,—
Lithography executed, and the materials supplied,—
Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c.
always on hand.

A regular and constant supply of NEW PUBLICA-
TIONS in every department of Science, General
Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the
United States; and Orders made up for every depar-
tment of the Mails and Expresses. All the NEW NO-
VELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS on
hand.

BOSTON BOOK STORE,

AND

GENERAL PERIODICAL AGENCY.

THE Subscriber respectfully intimates to the inha-
bitants of Toronto, that he has opened a branch of the
above establishment at No. 6, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS,
KING STREET, for the sale of Cheap Literature. Having
made arrangements with the principal Publishing
Houses in the United States, he is enabled to sell all
Books, Periodicals, &c. at Publishers' prices

The New York, Boston and Philadelphia Weekly
Papers received, and single Nos. for sale

Catalogues ready in a few days, and will be delivered
gratis on application at the store.

Toronto, Dec. 24, 1849:

B. COSGROVE.

THE TORONTO

Carriage and Light Waggon Manufactory,
130, King Street West.

ESTABLISHED—1832.

OWEN & MILLS, (FROM LONDON.)

N. B.—On hand Victoria, Cab, and other Phaetons,
Light Waggon, &c. &c., both new and second-hand for
sale, (at very reduced prices.)
Toronto, June 7, 1849.

BONUS

TO SUBSCRIBERS TO THE

Toronto Patriot.

THE Proprietor of the *Patriot* having made arrange-
ments to purchase a number of copies of

PUNCH IN CANADA.

Will be prepared to supply them to all Subscribers to
the *Toronto Patriot* paying in advance, at a subscrip-
tion of Six Dollars per annum for the two publications.

The Weekly Patriot

Is published for 10s. per annum, or 7s. 6d. cash in
advance. It is by far the largest and cheapest news-
paper published in Canada.

ROWSSELL & THOMPSON,
Printers and Publishers.

Toronto, Dec. 21, 1849.

MRS. CHARLES HILL,

PROFESSOR AND TEACHER OF

DANCING & CALISTHENICS,

RESPECTFULLY announces that her Academy for
the above elegant accomplishments, is now open for
the season, in the Large Room, first door North of the
Court House, Church Street.

TERMS:

	Per Quarter.
Private Classes at the Academy, each Pupil	£2 10 0
Public " " " "	2 0 0
Twelve Private Lessons, at the Academy..	2 0 0
Six " " " "	1 5 0
Single Lesson	0 5 0

DAYS OF ATTENDANCE.

Wednesday and Saturday—Juvenile Class from 3 till 5
Adult Class—Monday and Wednesday, from 7 till 9.

Mrs. C. H. is prepared to wait on, and receive Private
Classes in all the New and Fashionable Ball Room
Dances, including the

Valse a cinq temps,	La Redowa, and
Cellarius Valse,	Valse a deux temps.

For further particulars, apply to Mrs. CHARLES HILL,
at her Academy, during the hours of tuition on Monday
and Wednesday; or at her residence, late the Savings
Bank, Duke Street.

Schools and Private Families attended.
Toronto, Nov. 26, 1849.

PUNCH IN CANADA

Having been daily increasing in strength, will henceforth
be a WEEKLY Publication.

TERMS, CASH.

Subscription for the year ending 1st January, 1850,
entitling the Subscriber to the back numbers.. 7s. 6d.
Subscription for one year, from date of payment 15s. 0d.
Subscriptions for any portion of a year will be received.

DISINTERESTED ADVICE.—Punch advises his country
cousins to send their subscriptions to his Office in To-
ronto, or to John McCoy's, Montreal, or to the Books-
ellers in their neighbourhood, as on and after the 1st
January, 1850, the price to non-subscribers, away from
the Metropolis, will be increased one half-penny to pay
for the postage.—BOOKSELLERS "when found make a
note of."

Punch informs every body that Mr. J. McCoy of
Montreal, has the entire wholesale agency for Lower
Canada.

Toronto, Jan. 1, 1850.

JOHN SALT,

HATTER AND FURRIER,

HAVING removed into the spacious premises lately
occupied by BRUCE, McMERICH & Co., has now on
hand a most superb Stock of FURS of all kinds.

CALL AND SEE.

66, Victoria Row, King Street, Toronto.

January 10, 1850.

WANTED TO PURCHASE,

COPIES of Higham's "REPORT OF THE ENGINEER ON
the survey of the TORONTO AND LAKE HU-
RON RAILROAD, published at the Albion Office, To-
ronto, in the year 1837.

Apply at the office of the "Union Tirage Hall," To-
ronto.
January 10, 1850.

TURKISH STATE PAPERS.

We have had a series of curious documents, under the above denomination, placed in our hands by a great Eastern traveller—in the hardware line—with instructions to make the most we could of them, and with full liberty from the collector to dispose of or use them in whatever manner might suit us best. In accordance with this indulgence, we commenced by illuminating one of the manuscripts, so as to render it subservient to the process of lighting a post-prandial cigar. As we rolled up a leaf, however, a word or two of the contents arrested our attention; and on following up our investigation, struck with the similarity of the circumstances developed and the parties involved in them, to some recent transactions and personal traits which have fallen under our own observation, we determined to enlighten our cigars with a lucifer and the public with a selection from the documents in question. It is, we believe, generally known that a correspondence has recently taken place between a high official functionary of the provincial government and the manager of the establishment known as the Montreal High School, relative to some imputed unseemly demonstrations made by the scholars of that institution, upon the occasion of the coronation of certain Guys or stuffed images, supposed to have had a direct reference, in their general treatment, to the popular feeling towards a certain august personage. The fragment with which we present our readers, appears to refer to some remote period of Turkish history; and so close is the parallel between the circumstances alluded to in it, and those from which emanated the correspondence to which we have referred above, that we feel ourselves quite justified in remarking to the “august personage,” *mutato nomine* (and that not much) *de te fabula narratur*. The M.S. is without a title, and runs thus:



HEN Muley Brucey Pockety was Pasha of the City of Eggdad, in the first year of the Hegira, the people rose, and waxing wrath at his misdeeds, they set up an image of Muley Brucey, made of ancient and cast-off garments, stuffed with straw, with much fireworks in the pockets thereof, which were ample and convenient for stowage, after the fashion of those in Muley Brucey's robe of office. And this image they set up in a high place of the city, where they kindled fire beneath it; and it burned with a bright light, brighter even than Muley Brucey himself, in his robe of state. And the fire hissed, and the pockets gave forth their treasures of golden sparks, in a manner which could never have been even dreamt of by the real Muley Brucey, who was a prudent man, and with much wisdom cultivated economy and carrots upon the terraces of his palace. Now many boys ran to and fro, shouting after the manner of boys upon joyful occasions and festivals. And one of these youths was a scholar at the great seminary called the School of the Lofty; and his shouting was loud, and his gestures were very insulting, as became a pupil of that great institution. But, after many days, the howls of that young man went up to the ears of Muley Brucey, and the School of the Lofty became as poison in his porridge, embittering the bohea of his existence. So the Pasha Muley Brucey Pockety summoned his chief scribe, Mufty Lesly Effendi, the wise and cunning, and in council the great Muley ordered the chief scribe to write an indignant letter to the chief teacher of the School of the Lofty.

“Bishmillah!” said Mufty Lesly the Wise, “may your Highness's shadow exceed that of the great Daniel Lambert a thousand fold! But I know not Howe (the chief teacher); and if I know not Howe, how should I know how to go about this work?”

“Mufty Lesly,” replied the Pasha, “thou art an old fool, a Jerusalem pony, whose ears vie in tallness with the towers of the Mosque of the Faithful. Write thou. I will dictate.”

Then Mufty the Wise took a leaf of papyrus of the growth known as foolscap, and, plucking a quill from Goosey Baldwin Baba, he wrote these words:

The words of the Most Excellent Muley Brucey Pockety, Pasha of the City of Eggdad, and Horse-Admiral of the same, to the Chief Teacher of the School of the Lofty.

Mufty Rufty Tufty Howe, would you like to have your head chopped off and stuck upon the highest pinnacle of the topmost weathercock of the tallest mosque in Eggdad? Beshemeth! may my eyes be blown! Is the Pasha of the Faithful become as mud in the eyes of thy pupils, or as sand in the pupils of thine eyes? Mufty Rufty Tufty Howe, do you know I have a great mind to stop your backsheesh and give you the bowstring. Is the representative of a sovereign become an unpleasant scent in the sneering snub noses of the School of the Lofty? I will snub them! The Pasha of the Faithful will pickle several bundles of bamboos for their castigation; he will send his chief janizary, Markee Carree, to lay them on, if, before the call of the mueddin, to-morrow, the offender be not well bastinadoed all over his body and on both the soles of his feet. Put thy head in a potash kettle, O Mufty Rufty Tufty Howe, and wear garments made out of the sack with which I, the Pasha, herewith present thee.

The words of Mufty Rufty Tufty Howe, Chief Teacher of the School of the Lofty, to Muley Brucey Pockety, Pasha of the City of Eggdad, and Horse-Admiral of the same.

Mashalla! May your Highness's eyes be particularly well blown, as your Excellency seemeth to desire! The words that have gone up to your Highness's ears are as the smoke of the hundred and two fires that consumed the straw-stuffed Pockety Pashas of whom you spake. Bosh! Is it for the Pasha of the Faithful to be down upon the taw of every little kiddy that danced and sung the popular measure of Old Dan Tucker, at the Feast of Fires? Bishmillah mashalla bosh! Would that your Highness's measures were half so popular! Keep thy pickled bamboos for the ministers by whom thou art bamboozled, and accept of this potash kettle, to contain the pearls of thine oratory, which, in the summer that is past, thou didst cast before many swine. I have sent the sack to those by whom it will presently be given to thee. When the wind whistles through the palm trees, look out for nuts to crack. Farewell. Sharp as a yataghan are the words of Mufty Rufty Tufty Howe, Chief Teacher of the School of the Lofty.

A HINT FOR THE ANNEXATIONISTS.

MR. CALCRAFT TO PUNCH.

Punch has received the following letter from the well-known Mr. Calcrafft, executioner in ordinary to her Majesty's jails.

Horsemonger Jail, 14th Dec., 1849.

Dear Sir,—Hearing that there is likely to be some work in my line in your country, I begs to apply for the same, flattering myself that my character, as a first-rate finisher, is too well established to require further notice. It was I hauged Mister Rush, and also Mister and Missis Manning. My terms are reasonable. For stout men, with thick necks, and about forty, say £5. Little, short men dies hard, so that in them cases I shall expect something more. If I don't succeed, no money. If you thinks well of this, please address as above.

CALCRAFT.

N.B. Gentlemen's clothes is a perquisite, if worth having.

Amongst the festivities of the New Year, at Montreal, was an entertainment given by the members of the Annexation Association to the members of the Hunter's Lodges, and other national societies, at their new rooms. Punch was not present, but is informed that amongst the pleasant things of the evening, the most admired was Mr. W. Workman's favourite recitation of the “Doleful Honours,” with a full cholera chorus. Punch is informed, that the above recitation is about to be published by Dr. Russell, the well-known phrenologist, at Mr. Workman's sole expense, and simultaneously with the Doctor's new work, entitled “Travels in the Townships; or wanderings with a silly middle-aged gentleman.”

SKETCH, SHEWING THE APPEARANCE OF THE "DINNING CHAINS," ON THE RECENT OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF THAT GREAT WORK AT MONTREAL.



THE PHILANTHROPHIC DINNING!

This public-spirited individual has just wound a chain and four posts round the affections of the mothers of Montreal. There are instances in the neighbouring republic, of public men being ridden into notoriety "on a rail"; but it has occurred to none but J. G. Dinning, Esq., to swing into fame on his own iron railings. Few men's "good works" extend very far. Mr. Dinning's extend from the American Church in Great St. James's street, to the opposite corner in St. Joseph street. One end of

his reputation has hold of Ogden's pickling warehouse, the other of the grocery on the Hay-market. It is here that Mr. Dinning has executed his noble design in chains, and erected a barrier against barbarous driving and carters' sleighs. The above sketch will furnish an idea of Mr. Dinning's patriotic construction, and the amusement it is calculated to afford to the juvenile population of the city.

PUNCH'S NATIONAL LYRICS.

SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

A song for the year, the good old year,
Whose race is nearly done—
Our fathers old a hundred told,
And told them one by one;
They saw them go, as their children do,
And eat of good Christmas cheer.
Oh merry were the times when the Christmas chimes
Rang loud for the parting year!

Those men are dead—their spirit fled,
And a servile race are we;
The plant that clings round the old oak's rings
Is no more like the parent tree;
The thoughts of old are dead or cold,
And the deeds no more appear;—
Oh merry were the times when the Christmas chimes
Rang loud for the parting year!

Heartless and cold as the miser's gold,
Are the thoughts which now bear away;

Worth and renown are melted down,
And mix'd with a baser clay;
There's nothing pure which can endure—
Nothing which slaves revere;
Oh merry were the times when the Christmas chimes
Rang loud for the parting year!

Where is the band that dare withstand
The ruin now dimly seen?
Hark, hark to the cry of those who reply,
Hurrah for our country and Queen!
Then round with the glass, around let it pass—
There's one thing that yet shall be dear,
As it was in the times when the Christmas chimes
Rang loud for the parting year!

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for the Queen!
As it was in the times when the Christmas chimes
Rang loud for the parting year!

NOTICE.

Any gentleman competent for the situation of a Judge in the Court of Common Pleas, is requested to apply immediately to the Hon. Robert Baldwin, at the Government House, as the case is urgent.

CITY ELECTIONS.

The city, during the exciting time of electing men to make fools of themselves as Councilmen and Aldermen, has been remarkably quiet. Fond as our city fathers are of dirt and mud

—for proof of which assertion see the streets—it seems they have an objection to vermin, as by a side wind they hope to rid themselves of a Bug(G.)

TELL TRUTH AND SHAME THE DEVIL.

Mr. Hincks must have felt the application of the proverb we have quoted, when he feared to justify, at the Woodstock Dinner, his correspondence with Mr. Malcolm Cameron, on the subject of the latter gentleman's resignation.



PUNCH THE GOVERNMENT ORGAN!

"It's no use, my Lord—you'll never hit anything with those wretched weapons of yours. Here, try a shot with my rifle. What! too great a bore, eh? Well, perhaps you may think it so; but it goes pretty straight to the mark, nevertheless."

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PUNCH'S PEPYS'S DIARY.

6th May, 1868.—Promised my wife a trip to Whiskeyand-waterville, formerly called Toronto, in what then Upper Canada, but now ye State of Nature. Did propose to her that we should swim there, in our new gutta-percha water dresses, that being all ye go now, in the way of travelling; many men, and women too, going up and down the St. Lawrence in that fashion: but much danger attending it, some having been shot, mistaking them for seals; among others, Mr. Scott, from Bytown, a representative of the people. So my wife would go by steamboat, and we did embark with our traps on board of the fish-tailed propeller Go-right-a-head-and-stump-creation, commanded by one Malcolm Cameron, a smart man as I conceive, and who did make a good speech from the paddle-box to two little boys on the wharf, whereat much applause. And so in four hours to Whiskeyandwaterville, though I remember when it took as many days.

7th May, 1868.—Walked into Broadway this morning, formerly King Street, and much thronged now with goods, which the storekeepers run out into the street worse than formerly, much incommoding foot-passengers. Many insane people at large here, which methought strange at first, but was told that the great Lunatic Asylum has been turned to a House of Congress. Old Henry John Boulton going through the streets, mowing with much grimace, calling himself poor old Hookey Crookey, and saying that he once had nearly caught a judgeship with a hook, but lost it through the means of a Crook; and so the boys do pelt him, and call him Old Hookey Crookey. Also one F. Hincks do go about very mad and dangerous, trying to sell a newspaper called ye Rattlesnake, which he do edit, and calleth the organ of the oppressed lunatics.

8th May, 1868.—To Mrs. Dunlop's, in Broadway, who do seem as much cherry-cheeked as of yore, and did give me a kiss for old times, whereat my wife did bestow me a box o' the ear. There saw Henry Sherwood, serving out beer to the customers, and wonderful how he did manage ye pump; but always great at the bar. Then to the slave market, once Osgoode Hall, where an affecting scene with a coloured man called Edwood, formerly a gentleman of great renown as a barber, and whose company much sought after by Governor Elgin. But now a slave, and his son at auction, whom he did call James Bruce, and made much moan at one of that name being sold, though to me not so strange, thinking of former times. At night to the theatre, where Tom Besnard, whom my wife used to laugh at much in ye play of ye Irish Tutor. Tom playing a Yankee in the piece called ye Connecticut Clock Pedlar, and did much remind me of Yankee Hill, though his Irish brogue do come through his nose now and then with a strange effect. Much noise in the pit, and a bald-headed man by the name of Punch dragged out by two policemen, for the cause that he would call out for God save the Queen, and did d——n Yankee Doodle with much vehemence. But he went away to prison, singing Shallaballa! and defying all American institutions with much courage, as I thought, and so did treat him to a drink before they put him into ye cab. In the boxes many black satin waistcoats, and much chewing of tobacco, the pit being used for a spittoon.

9th May, 1868.—Did walk out to see the College Avenue, which to my surprise roofed over, and now a bowling saloon; with stove-pipes growing up where I do remember beautiful green trees, and the pounding of ice for sherry cobblers resounding, where once no tap but the tapping of ye woodpeckers. There H. B. Willson, the Governor of the State, in his shirt sleeves, offering to roll any white man in that eternal free and enlightened bowling saloon, for ten dollars, though people say he do never have so many cents.

10th May, 1868.—To see the new statue, which the shareholders in the great railway, from Whiskeyandwaterville to the North Pole, have set up to F. C. Caprcol, the projector of that work. F. C. represented prancing about upon a steam-engine, very fiery and hard to manage, but he sitting there with great seeming unconcern. To-night to a concert of musick, where

Mr. Humphreys, singing about my pretty Jane, did bring the tears into my eyes, being always much affected at sweet melody. Home to my inn, called Washington Tabernacle, though to my mind more like Noah's Ark, being full of all manner of strange beasts and creeping things.

INSURRECTION IN THE TOWNSHIPS.

The following intelligence has been received by telegraph at the *Punch* Office.

Sherbrook, Estern Townships,

24th December, 11 A. M.

DEAR SUR,—There is awful dewins up here. Little Walton, the printer, has "riz," and is now a-dressin six of the Academy boys from his vinders. Ven he told em that the effects of a rebellion would be a whole holliday, there was a hawful hurra. It is said as Sanborn the lawyer was appointed General-in-Chief, but declined to hact, on account of being over the regulashun weite. Dr. Worthington is gone over to the enemy, with his medcin chess, as also has several store-keepers. Other storekeepers keeps firm, charging high prices, and dewin a good business in the Queen's name. I regrets to say as the pale-factory is disaffected, as also is several potash works, and one bakery. Moe, the butcher, as stuck up a liberty pole, vich is a fiery furnis to us mothers, on account of the children a-tearin their breches by slidin up and down it. The judge says that if it had been two foot more, it would have been high treason. Of course, we is all very much frit—sleepin in our stockings and drawers, for fear of being surprised in the nite. Last evenin that wiper Walton went to attack the Court-house, vich Mr. Bowen had had very strongly fortified with a washin tub. When the rebels got in front, they was engaged by old Mrs. Smith with a jug of hot water, which put em to confusion, so that they retired singin "Yankey Doodle," and cussin orrid. In retreatin they destroyed a loyal cow-house, and stole one little boy's cap, as was a hollerin arter em. It is said that they are a-waitin till the factory gals cum out, to renew the combat, and that Walton has promessed a dollar to him as first seezes old Mrs. Smith's curl-papers! Heven knows how it vill end, but we hopes for the best.

Yours,

MRS. JANE MUGGINS.

P. S. They as just commenced hollerin agin!—the Fates preserve us!

Sherbrook, 24th December, 1849,

12 o'clock, A. M.

DEAR SUR,—I rites to say as all is over. Old Mrs. Smith is our prisener, havin seized little Walton as he vos a jumpin over the barricade, vich so disheartened the others that they fled. The school-boys also, as cut down the liberty pole (which was our old washin-line prop), and is now a playin at see-saw on it in front of the garden. Curnel Walton is very much cut up; our Jem seed him in Mrs. Smith's kitchen, eatin apple sass; he is severely scratched under the left eye, and says he feels sore in the bones, being much shook by his heroic captor. If they had gone round to the back door, the willage was lost, as little Betsy Parker, who was put there as sentry, vas gone to play hobscotch. We feels quite safe now, and has rit to the Melborne boys to say they needn't come in. It is the general opinion that the rebels wont make no more attempts, and that "Annexation" is finished—vich same is the hope and trust of

Yours truly and gratefully,

JANE MUGGINS.

P. S.—Half-past 12.—All is quiet—except two of the Academy boys, vich is a cryin out for "death to old Walton," and a wantin to burn him, vich we hopes they will not allow em to do.

MONTREAL FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.—John Macrow, Esq., late H. C. and B., and John Rose, Esq., late Q. C., have both entertained select parties of their friends at their respective residences during the past week.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL ODE.

THE WOULD-BE GREAT!

See, what a progeny appears,
Of earth-born would-be ministers.
Oh, Muse attend my call!
To one of these direct my flight,
Or, to make sure that we are right,
Direct me to them all.

But first of WILLIAM you would sing,
The man that's nearest to the king
Of beasts, but not of men—
The LYON-hearted man of straw,
Who made provisional law,
With Navy-Island pen.

Then—but there's vast space betwixt—
The would-be Judge C. P. comes next,
Glorious old Norfolk's pride;
His step, his gait proclaim the man,
They paint him better than I can,
Waddling from side to side.

Each hour a different face he wears—
Now in a flutter, now in tears,
Now laughing, now in sorrow;
Now he'll command, and now obey,
Bellows for liberty to-day,
And yells for power to-morrow.

At noon the Tories have him tight,
With staunchest Rads he'll sup at night—
Each party thinks to "hum" him;
But he himself does so divide,
Shuffles and cuts from side to side,
That now both parties shun him.

See ye yon old important man,
Who does but little—all he can—
Who would, but cannot, lead;
His younger brethren all things make,
So that poor Leslie's like a snake,
Whose tail impels the head.

Why cross the power that you had made—
An honest bookseller by trade?—
Back to that station go;
Nor longer aim at place and power—
You know you missed your aim before,
And will not hit it now.

"Flower-and-Wete," I kiss your hands—
PUNCH will be proud of your commands,
When you get into power;
'T will give you judgment, knowledge, parts—
The courtier's wiles, the statesman's arts,
Of which you'd none before.

When great impending dangers shook
The state, old Rome dictators took,
Judiciously, from plough;
But lawyers, merchants, doctors, here,
The farmers love, the farmers fear,
And to their dictates bow.

Wise Malcolm, with important face,
When ins are outs, will take his place,
And do the "Crown Lands" work;
When there an *Upsel Price* he'll fix,
And soon his "Dolly pals" he'll nix,
By "gaminon and by quirk."

Alas! poor Canada!—is this all
You're gaining by the wished-for fall
Of Baldwin and his tools?
He might be knave, 'tis true—what then?
He 'd brains—but this new set of men
A' n't only knaves, but fools.

Great changes—wiser heads, this land
Demands. Oh for a gallant band
Of honest men to rule!—
Unite all hearts, appease each storm—
Unshrinkingly the right perform,
Nor be a "party" tool!



N this special occasion — namely, the publication of the first number of his second volume, PUNCH considers it his duty to do his duty, not after the manner of Custom House officers, but after his own urbane and oracular fashion. The duty PUNCH proposes to do is, to announce that his career is prosperous beyond his anticipations, and to shout, Shalla-balla! Shalla-balla!! Shalla-balla!!! from the elevated mud heaps of the Toronto streets, and from the depths of the holes containing the corporation slush. PUNCH has to allude to the delay of number one, volume 2. But the new wrapper and frontispiece, the illustrated preface and index to vol. 1, which PUNCH presents gratuitously to his subscribers, must be his excuse: seeing that in Canada wood-engravers are not blackberries, and cannot be picked off every bush. However, his past performances are a guarantee for his future promises. His subscribers for volume the first were promised twenty-six numbers; some were irregular in their appearance, it is admitted, but PUNCH has presented his friends with twenty-eight numbers, an extra, and a pictorial preface and frontispiece, thus giving them four publications more than they subscribed for. This year he will not be less liberal: he has "in his mind's eye" a present to bestow which, although it is difficult to make up for anything so valuable, will more than compensate for the disappointment consequent on the non-appearance of PUNCH, to heighten the festivities of the first week of the new year, so generally devoted to



CONNUBIAL FELICITY.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

The GLOBE *thinks* its circulation is increasing.
Mr. Peter Perry *thinks* he can read.
Mr. Gurnett *thinks* he's a consistent man.
Mr. H. Sherwood *thinks* when he gets his judgeship, that it will be the reward of merit.

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N.B. No falsely styled *Liberal* need apply.